NUMBER 13
OCTOBER 13, 1976
St. Edward
(1917 Miracle at Fatima)

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES

BY FATHER DANIEL E. JONES • BOX 89, WESTCLIFFE, COLORADO 81252 • (303) 783-2491

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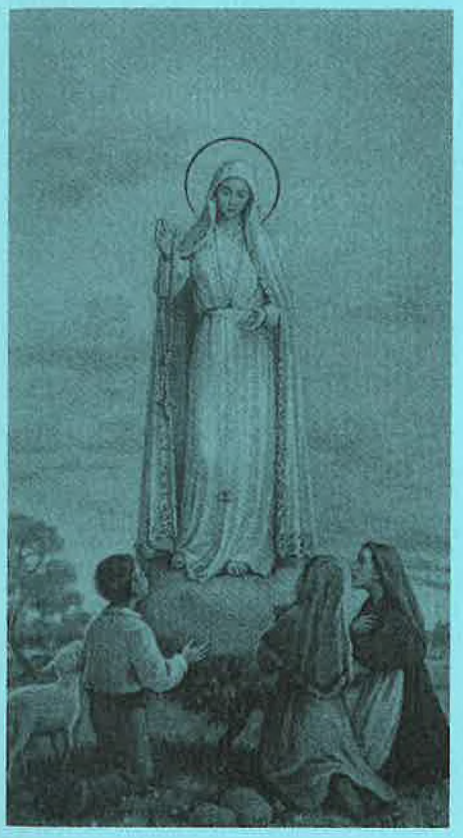
Some Personal Comments



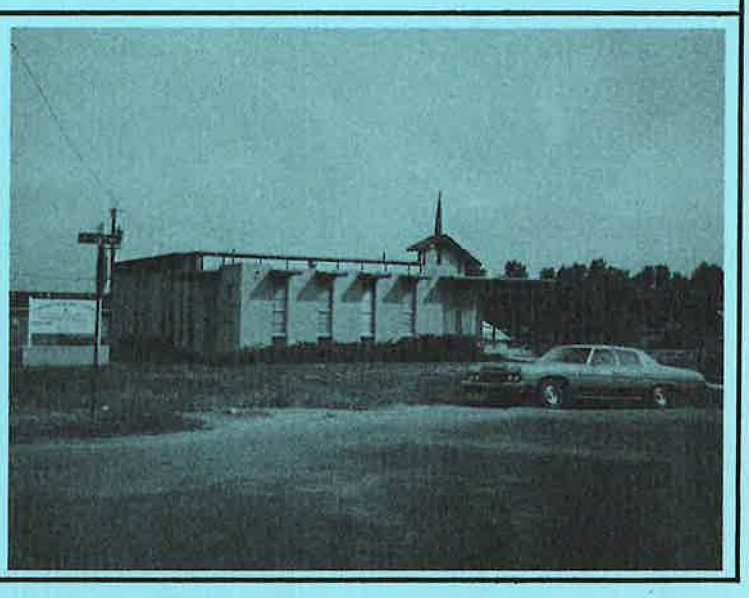
Say! Do you know what you're reading? Be careful, the contents of this newsletter may be dangerous! Why, who knows what might happen if this little magazine fell into the wrong hands. Could you see some dear nun, you know, one who still wears the old habit, who still acts and prays and believes like a Catholic Sister, per chance reading Jim Pratt's letter on page 4. She might decide to leave her convent (or prison, or whatever) and move to Denver to help set up a convent to train young ladies to be nuns like herself.

Tom Farrenkopf's "Lesson in Perseverance" on pages 6-7, might just inspire some remnant Catholic group to keep on trying to get a traditional Catholic "Black Robe".

Whether or not you have ever been to Colorado's lovely Wet Mountain Valley, we who have, know that God is generous to us, and for you who haven't, a tear may come to your eye when you read John Piquette's poem on page 8.

And, oh yes, to the consternation of a number of Novus Ordo ecclesiastics, the Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement purchased the once Baptist church on 26th & Sable Blvd. in Aurora, Colorado, and now has a very nice traditional Catholic chapel named after Our Lady of Victory. During the week it is rented to Our Lady of Victory School which currently has four good teachers conducting classes for some three dozen fortunate youngsters from grades 1 through 12.

continued on page 2



Some Personal Comments

continued from page 1

What do you call it when you know you have to do something, but you just keep putting it off to another time? Yes, procrastination. Well, I was going to be sure to get this newsletter off to the printers sometime in September. You know how it is, nice autumn weather, off to the mountains fishing, circuit riding around the country on weekends, writing letters, doing the laundry, visiting with friends or parishioners, . . . next thing I know it's October and I haven't even started on issue number 13. So the Good Lord sends us three feet of heavy, wet snow in those lovely Sangre De Cristo Mountains, and it doesn't seem to want to melt very fast (a lot of it will likely stay up there until next summer), and thus the temptation to go fishing is dampened somewhat. I see that elk season is just around the corner, and wouldn't you know I was one of the 80 lucky ones who drew a cow elk validation for the Sangre De Cristo range unit 86, and my adrenalin is telling me that this is the year I'm going to get my first elk. Finally a glance at the calendar tells me I'm due to go on a long 12-day trip to Florida and Louisiana at the end of the month. So what else can I do but succumb to that little voice tugging at my ear, get my reliable secretary Regina Hurst to quickly get out 70 or so letters, thus getting that heavy backlog of correspondence off my shoulders (leaving only 25 or so unanswered letters in the to-be-answered hopper – which I can handle, at least mentally), leaving me just one day to compose and edit and burn the midnight and early morning oil, so all those good souls who paid good money (it may not be all that good any more, but . . .) for a subscription to this periodical will have something to read and ponder and enjoy and bring them up on the news – Church-wise and personal-wise, at least out here in the mile high state of Colorado. Boy, did you make it through that last long sentence okey?!

Some of you have asked, "what do you think of Archbishop Lefebvre?" You know he was in Colorado last May to administer the sacrament of Confirmation to 170 or so of the still faithful Catholics in this region. I was very happy to have the chance to say hello to him and to hear him tell what was happening to him, to his seminary in Econe, about the Freemasons in the woodwork in the Vatican . . . Since then he has made headlines around the world. Well, I tell you, I think highly enough of this courageous and saintly prelate, that I'm enclosing as a special supplement to the subscribers of this newsletter, a copy of his sermon delivered at the ordination of 13 priests and 13 sub-deacons in Econe, Switzerland, on June 29, 1976.

On October 3rd, the feast of St. Therese of Lisieux (if you don't know French and can't pronounce that last word, just call her St. Therese, The Little Flower), I offered an evening Mass in the old chapel at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. The O.R.C.M. has a good bunch of zealous, talented leaders there. On that day I hired one of them, John Mark Trujillo, a graduate student at the University, to be a special assistant to me. Neither of us are sure just what all he'll be doing, but for one thing, I plan to have him help me get adult education classes organized in some of our Rocky Mountain O.R.C.M. Mass centers.

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES is edited and published periodically (not less than 3 times a year) by Father Daniel E. Jones. Although your editor is a member of the Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement, this publication is not an official organ of the O.R.C.M.

* * * * * * **SUBSCRIPTIONS** * * * * * *

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The number at the upper right hand corner of your address label tells the year through which your subscription has been entered. For example a **77** on your label means that you will be receiving all issues of the S.D.C.N. published during **1977**.

Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre is greeted at the Colorado Springs airport on May 17, 1976, by Sister Rita Lawrence (now headmistress of Our Lady of Victory School in Aurora). Also meeting him at the airport were quite a number of my parishioners who knew they would not get a chance to meet him at the reception which was held for him the next day. In the background is Mr. Leighton Spadone of Colo. Springs and an unidentified soldier.

Another view of Our Lady of Victory Chapel in Aurora, Colo. (a suburb on the east side of Denver). The chapel is upstairs and the kitchen and classrooms are downstairs.

Father Placid White, O.S.B., Joe Cure and his wife Laurita visited the Wet Mountain Valley September 16th. Quite a change of scenery from the farmlands at Stratton where Father White serves as pastor for Our Lady of Fatima Chapel.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

Father Tom O'Mahony, one of those conservative priests who apparently prefers to stay in the comfort of a nice rectory and who seems to not want to dare lose the good graces of his apostate bishop, although he continues to lead his parishioners down the primrose path of the Novus Ordo and the new false religion that goes along with it, published a little news item in his August 29, 1976, bulletin for Most Holy Trinity Parish in El Paso Texas, which I'm passing on here for your information: "The new shrine to Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City is scheduled to open on October 12th. The famous image of Our Lady on Juan Diego's cloak will be transferred on that day. Unfortunately, the cost has quadrupled due to delays and construction problems causing extra shifts and overtime. The initial cost of $12 million has jumped to $38 million. This new shrine, along with all other ecclesiastical and religious building in Mexico is the property of the government, the members of which are for the most part high-ranking Freemasons."

Aurora, Colorado
Sept. 17th, 1976

Mother Bernice Spores:

My name is Jim Pratt. I am a parish advisor of Our Lady of Victory, Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement (O.R.C.M.), parish in Aurora, Colorado. Aurora is an incorporated city adjoining Denver. Our pastor is Father Daniel E. Jones.

In June of this year, our parish purchased a church and school facility here in Aurora. The building is not large, church seating for two hundred and school rooms for fifty-thre, but it is a start and we will grow from a small beginning.

Father Jones lives in Westcliffe, Colorado, and travels to Aurora either by airplane or automobile. He is here to say Mass on every first Friday and first Saturday and at least two Sundays each month. If the prayers of many of our parishioners are answered he will soon move to Aurora and we will have Mass every Sunday..

Our parish is comprised of sixty-five to seventy families. We have a variety of occupations represented by parishioners; car salesmen, accountants, electricians, construction, farmers and airline pilots. We have one traditional Sister - Sister Rita Lawrence. There are three parish advisors; Mr. Gene Linnebur, a rancher/farmer; Mr. Carl Scavo, a member of the Denver police force; and myself, an airline pilot.

Early this month we started a traditional Catholic school. Sister Rita Lawrence and Mrs. Toni Hampton are teaching twenty-four students in grades one to eight. We have twelve students in grades nine through twelve but as yet, have been unsuccessful in finding a teacher.

God willing, we also hope to start a convent as soon as possible. We have at least six young women in the parish who have expressed a desire for the religious life but we do not know of a traditional convent where they may attend. It is therefore necessary to do it ourselves Our main problem is in locating a staff to operate the convent. Buildings just take money but traditional teachers are much harder to find than money.

I don't know how familiar you may be with the O.R.C.M., so I am sending along a book, "In Defense of the Faith". This book explains the beliefs of the people in our parish. What we do is not done out of obstinacy or belligerency or fanaticism but is done out of love for God and our true religion.

This letter may seem a bit rambling but what I have been trying to do is give a thumbnail sketch of what is going on in Aurora and what we plan in the near future. We are asking you, Mother Bernice Spores, to come to Aurora and assist us in our school and/or convent and the preservation of the true faith of the Roman Catholic Church. I have some small inkling of the magnitude of this request and the impact an affirmative decision would have on your life. In times past I would never have presumed to make such a request. However, drastic times call for drastic action. Please rest assured that our entire parish is most ready to assist you in any way should you accede to our request.

Because of my occupation I have a great deal of free time, Father Jones has asked me to write letters that very likely should be written by himself. Most of his time is taken up with travelling about the country saying Mass for groups of traditional Catholics.

I ask your forgiveness for my bluntness and lack of refinement. I also ask that you give serious consideration to our request. This request is being made in all sincerety and with respect. It is being made from a feeling of great fear as to what will happen to the souls of our future generations if we do not try our best to ensure that the true religion will be around to protect and guide them.

Sincerely,
Jim Pratt
2080 Joliet St.
Aurora, Colo. 80010

May meant a flower-decked May altar and First Holy Communion time at Our Lady of Victory Chapel in Aurora.

Out of respect to Our Lord and for the edification of our neighbor we beg women and girls to appear in church modestly dressed.

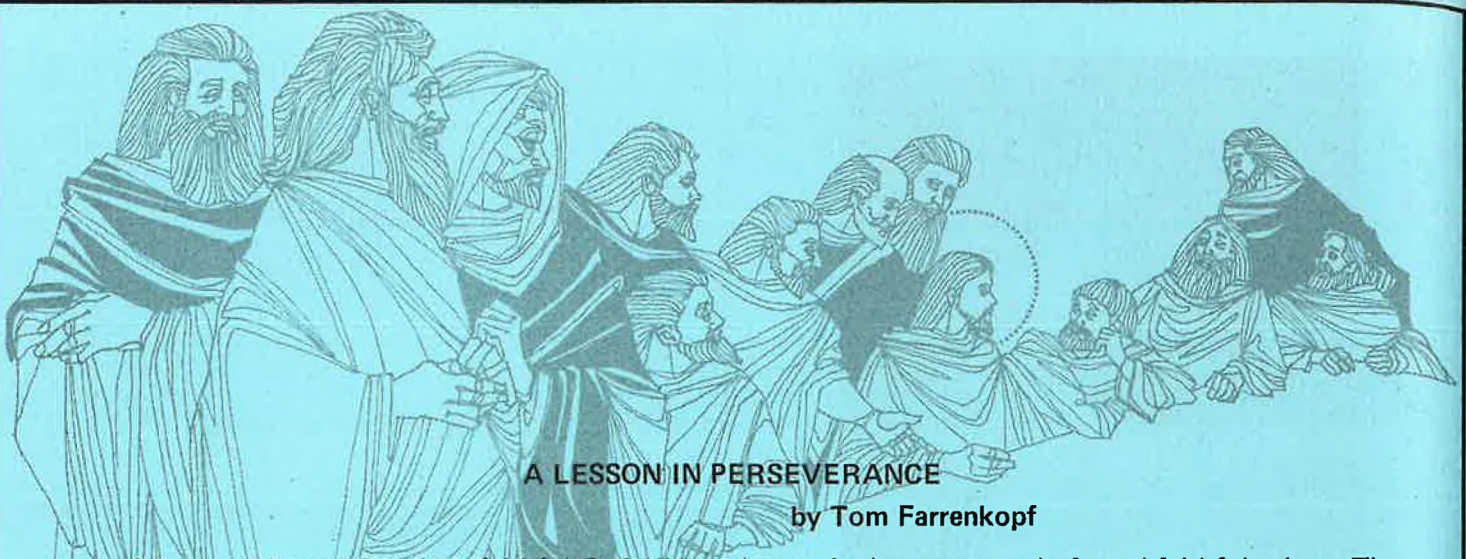
Slacks, shorts, sleeveless and low cut dresses do not meet the norm of Christian modesty.

Your cooperation is evidence of your love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and respect for the house of God.

On one of my first visits to Albuquerque, New Mexico, I offered Holy Mass in the home of Andy and Jeanne Forte. After Mass, Gene Wohrlin took this photo of Andy and Jeanne and Russell Forte, Ralph and Marylin and Kathleen, Maureen, and Colleen Adams, Mr. & Mrs. Dan Andrews, and young Christine Wohrlin. The Fortes and Adams have been furnishing some lovely flowers for the altar each month as well as providing some delicious coffee, rolls, muffins, etc. for us all after Mass.

– PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS –

How hard is this saying: That salvation is only to be obtained by a life of continual suffering, by constantly fighting against and by ever renouncing and dying to ourselves! But how are we encouraged to submit to such a course, by the hope and assurance of eternal happiness, which will be the reward we shall receive in exchange for the disappointments and miseries of this present time! Nothing will afford us such great consolation at the hour of death, as the good use we have made of suffereings; then shall we find that we have done nothing purely for God, but what we have done contrary to ourselves, and that a truly Christian life must necessarily be a life of crosses and self-denials.



A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE

by Tom Farrenkopf

Almost without exception, faithful Catholics today are in desperate need of good faithful priests. The few loyal priests left in this country are either retired and cannot keep up as a parish priest, or they are so busy traveling from town to town as missionaries. There are very few real Catholic parishes left in this country.

This situation does make it rough on everybody. However, there is no real reason for discouragement on our part, and the following story about the Salish (Flathead) Indians from Northwestern Montana and their quest for the "Black Robe" should inspire and encourage us all.

In the fall of 1831 four Indians entered the city of St. Louis. These Indians were four of the bravest men of the Salish Tribe who had traveled well over 1,500 miles from their home in Montana to obtain "Black Robes" for their people.

Upon entering the city, no one understood their language. However, they did manage to find their destination, the Jesuit seminary, where two of them died shortly after baptism. The other two set out on their return trip, but were never heard from again.

Patiently waiting four years for a priest and not hearing any news, another expedition set out for St. Louis. Several months later the three Indians of this expedition met again with the Jesuit Fathers. Listening to the Indians plea they promised to send a priest as soon as one could be spared. The delegation returned to their tribe with the good news.

Again they waited. After 18 months they decided they had better go ask again. This time the brave Indians of the expedition never made it. While passing through Sioux Indian territory, they were martyred in pursuit of the faith.

When news reached the tribe of the fate of the delegation, they were filled with sorrow, but their faith prevailed. So without delay a council was held and two Iroquois Indians, from whose tribe the Salish had learned of the Catholic Faith, volunteered to go to St. Louis. In the fall of 1839 they reached the city.

Once again the Jesuit Fathers listened to their cause. Very touched by the Indians faith, permission was finally granted and on April 5, 1840, Father Peter De Smet left St. Louis for Montana to become one of the most famous Indian Missionaries in our country.

Nor can I fail to mention that Our Blessed Mother herself interceded for these people. Although I have been told about her intercession in converting the Indians, I don't know enough about it to give even a little bit of detail. However, I have seen the accomplishments of Father De Smet and his successors, such as Father Anthony Ravalli.

On this basis alone I can say confidently that none of what I saw could have been accomplished without Her love and guidance. One only need to see St. Ignatius Mission in St. Ignatius, Montana which is supposedly the third most beautiful church in the world, for proof. I know I have never seen one more beautiful. True, there is no longer a Mass in this church, because like nearly all the others it has been taken captive by the enemy. However, it made me feel good to know that as soon as God gives us the victory, once again we will hear "Gloria in excelsis Deo" from the High Altar.

In some ways St. Mary's Mission in Stevensville, Montana is even more remarkable. There you can see the amazing accomplishments of Fr. Ravalli. Nearly everything at the mission was built by him, including two statues that he carved for the interior of the church.

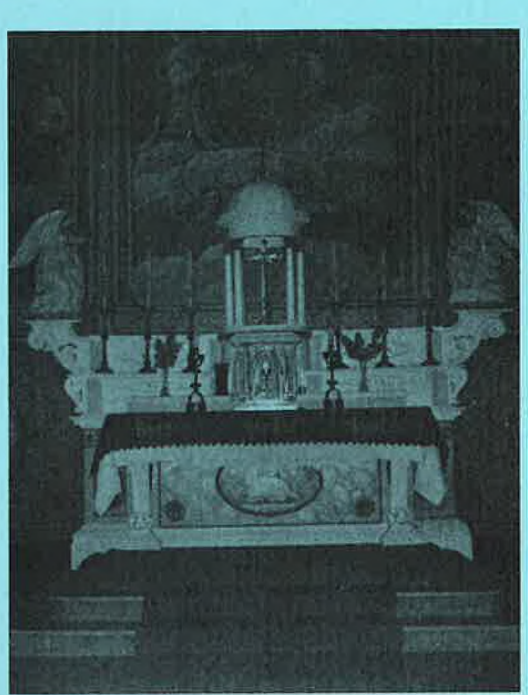
As well as his priestly duties, Father Ravalli was skillful as a doctor, pharmacist and architect. What more could anyone want from a priest.

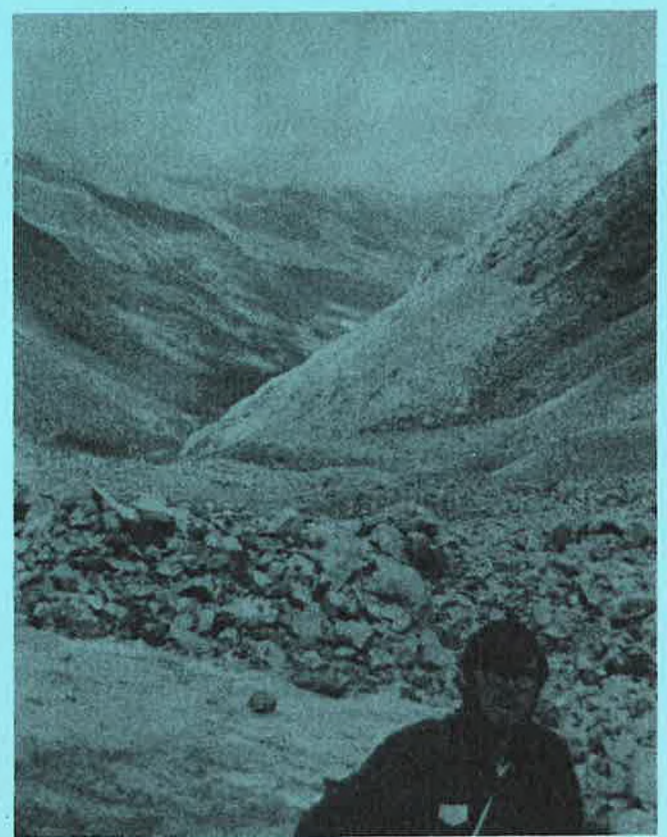
All in all, it took nine years and over 8,000 miles on horseback, through God only knows what conditions, for this persevering tribe of Indians to obtain one single priest. I think it would be fair to say, that if God expected this sacrifice from these people, He certainly wants at least that much from us if we expect Him to give us more good priests to serve our needs.

True, it would not do us any good to get on a horse and go to St. Louis looking for priests. Even the seminary where these people acquired Father De Smet is no longer Catholic as it has been sold to the Protestants!

So it all boils down to this. If we expect to preserve and propagate our faith, we must educate ourselves and most importantly we must call on Mary for Her intercession. And as the editor of this magazine reminds us, on every occasion he has to preach to us, we must arm ourselves with the Rosary and pray it every day, asking our loving Mother to give us more good priests. So lets all show a little more interest in our Faith by going to daily Mass, if one is availlable, and making the sacrifice of driving 60 or 70 miles once or twice a month, if possible, to Mass. Let's all try to hold up our end, and God's reward for us will be victory in this life and the next.

Peace and Joy





The beautiful marble altar you see above is in St. Ignatius Church at St. Ignatius, Montana. The author of the above article, Tom Farrenkopf, tells me he plans to move to Montana next April. At the right you see a photo I took of him as we climbed up to a high mountain lake early in Sept.

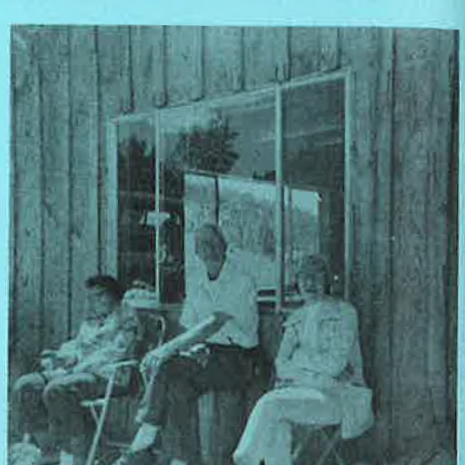
THE WET MOUNTAIN VALLEY

by John Piquette

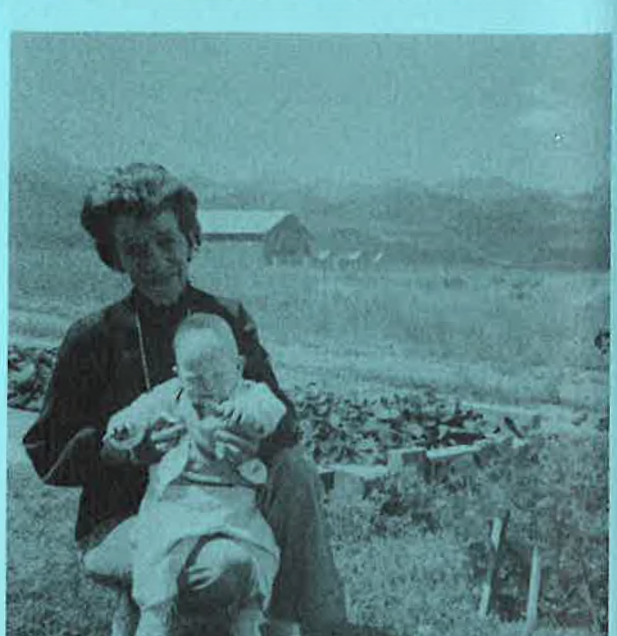
In the Sangre de Cristos, this valley is found.
And in it a most pleasant folk does abound.
They came to this place a long time ago.
Through it, their sweat and blood does flow.
This is a poem. About each season I'll tell.
Of the beautiful sights you all know quite well.

The air was cold on that late autumn night.
And the geese could be seen on their southern flight.
The moon was full and it seemed close by
As they winged their way through the southern sky.
Indian summer had now come at long last.
The golden trees tell you the warm weather is past.
And the stacks of bailed hay show that hard work was done.
The cattle are now feeding in the meadows below.
While the mountain tops are all capped with new snow.
Great haste must be made now, to get ready,
For five months of winter the work will be steady.

With the first major storm, the valley is white.
To hunters and sportsmen, it's quite a grand sight.
The elk and deer from the tall mountains come down.
After season is over, they can be seen close to town.
Now back to the storm which is raging anew.
From out of southwest the wind fairly blew.
The drifts in the lanes had closed many roads.
And snow plows are strained with their heavy white loads.
The routine is the same now for many a day.
Ranchers feed hay to their cattle by sleigh.
Snow is shoveled and scraped from the walk.
Of spring and flowers, the old folks talk.
The winter is hard but a most beautiful time.
On it I won't dwell in this short rhyme.
One thing to remember about this time of year,
Big city folk envy you almost to a tear.



The sun is now warm. As days pass it gets hotter.
From the great mountains, comes the life giving water.
The fields are all flodded by the swollen streams.
A man from the city sees this only in dreams.
This time of year is the happiest of all.
Even the animals hear natures call.
The red tailed hawks have built their nests
And will feed their young with the farmers pests.
Spotted fawns play in the sun
While the young antelope learns to run.
Flowers are blooming on the foothills west.
Of all the sights they are the best.
Acres and acres of solid red, white and blue.
God was generous when he gave this to you.



Spring goes by very quickly it seems.
The valley is draped now with various greens.
The next season is short and things grow fast.
As if they knew, summer won't last.
The grass is tall and the clover smells sweet.
Breath the clean air, it can't be beat.
There aren't many places left to go
Where you can enjoy sun, wind, rain and snow.
So whatever you do in the valley so nice.
Let nature have the first and last slice.

CROOKED CREEK

Crooked Creek it was known by some.
In a secret draw it did run.
Twisting and turning in every way.
There the big lunker natives lay.

Those that knew of it were few.
And don't think for a minute I'll tell you.
Now don't try to follow me some day.
Because lost you'll be and lost you'll stay.

Many a time I've been there and back.
It takes four days and a heavy pack.
The trek is worth every minute of sweat.
Best fishing I wager and will win the bet.

Sixteen pounds of fish in one hour
Nets three fish only, now roll them in flour.
Pink meat and juicy, a meal fit for a king.
Can't you just taste it while reading this thing?

Now don't get upset and please don't despair
For one of you will inherit my lair.
I'm getting old and unable to climb.
One of you youngsters will be next in line.

John Piquette.

John Piquette

Father Dan

Eric Dremel in my kitchen preparing for a pack trip.

FISHERMAN'S PRAYER God, grant that I may live to fish until my dying day--and when it comes to my last cast, I then most humbly pray--when in the Lord's safe landing net and I'm peacefully asleep, that in His mercy I be judged big enough to keep.
--A. Burnham, Good Reading.

The Catholic Encyclopedia

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✠JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK

Anacletus, II, the title which was taken by Cardinal Pietro Pierleone at the contested papal election of the year 1130. The date of his birth is uncertain; d. 25 January, 1138. Though the Pierleoni were conceded to be one of the wealthiest and most powerful senatorial families of Rome, and though they had stanchly supported the Popes throughout the fifty years' war for reform and freedom, yet it was never forgotten that they were of Jewish extraction, and had risen to wealth and power by usury. The Cardinal's grandfather, named Leo after Pope Leo IX, who baptized him, was a faithful adherent of Gregory VII; Leo's son, Peter, from whom the family acquired the appellation of Pierleoni, became leader of the faction of the Roman nobility which was at enmity with the Frangipani. His marble coffin may still be seen in the cloisters of St. Paul's, with its pompous inscription extolling his wealth and numerous offspring. His attempt to install his son as Prefect of Rome in 1116, though favoured by the Pope, had been resisted by the opposite party with riot and bloodshed. His second son, the future Antipope, was destined for the Church. After finishing his education at Paris, he became a monk in the monastery of Cluny, but before long he was summoned to Rome by Pope Paschal II and created Cardinal-Deacon of SS. Cosmas and Damian. He accompanied Pope Gelasius on his flight to France, and was employed by successive pontiffs in important affairs, including legations to France and England. If we can believe his enemies, he disgraced his high office by gross immorality and by his greed in the accumulation of lucre. Whatever exaggeration there may be as to other charges, there can be no doubt that he was determined to buy or force his way into the Papal Chair. When Honorius lay on his deathbed, Pierleone could count upon the votes of thirty cardinals, backed by the support of the mercenary populace and of every noble family in Rome, except the Corsi and the Frangipani. The *pars sanior* of the Sacred College numbered only sixteen, headed by the energetic Chancellor, Haymaric, and the Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia. These *squadronisti*, as they would have been called in later days, resolved to rescue the papacy from unworthy hands by a *coup d'état*. Though in a hopeless minority, they had the advantage that four of their number were cardinal-bishops, to whom the legislation of Nicholas II had entrusted the leading part in the election. Moreover, of the commission of eight cardinals, to which, in apprehension of a schism, it was decided to leave the election, one of them being Pierleone, five were opposed to the ambitious aspirant. To secure liberty of action, they removed the sick Pontiff from the Lateran to St. Gregory's, near the towers of the Frangipani. Honorius dying on the night of 13 February, they buried him hurriedly the next morning, and compelled the reluctant Cardinal of San Giorgio, Gregory Papareschi, under threat of excommunication, to accept the pontifical mantle. He took the name of Innocent II. Later in the day the party of Pierleone assembled in the Church of St. Mark and proclaimed him Pope, with the name of Anacletus II. Both claimants were consecrated on the same day, 23 February, Anacletus in St. Peter's and Innocent in Sta. Maria Nuova. How this schism would have been healed, had the decision been left to the canonists, is hard to say. Anacletus had a strong title in law and fact. The majority of the cardinals with the Bishop of Porto, the Dean of the Sacred College, at their head, stood at his side. Almost the whole populace of Rome rallied around him. His victory seemed complete, when, shortly after, the Frangipani, abandoning what appeared to be a lost cause, went over to him. Innocent sought safety in flight. No sooner had he arrived in France than his affairs took a favourable turn. "Expelled from the City, he was welcomed by the world", says St. Bernard, whose influence and exertions secured for him the adhesion of practically the entire Christian world. The Saint states his reasons for deciding in favour of Innocent in a letter to the Bishops of Aquitaine (Op. cxxvi). They may not be canonically cogent; but they satisfied his contemporaries. "The life and character of our Pope Innocent are above any attack, even of his rival; while the other's are not safe even from his friends. In the second place, if you compare the elections, that of our candidate at once has the advantage over the other as being purer in motive, more regular in form, and earlier in time. The last point is out of all doubt; the other two are proved by the merit and the dignity of the electors. You will find, if I mistake not, that this election was made by the more discreet part of those to whom the election of the Supreme Pontiff belongs. There were cardinals, bishops, priests, and deacons, in sufficient number, according to the decrees of the Fathers, to make a valid election. The consecration was performed by the Bishop of Ostia, to whom that function specially belongs." Meanwhile Anacletus maintained his popularity in Rome by the lavish expenditure of his accumulated wealth and the plundered treasures of the churches. His letters and those of the Romans to Lothair of Germany remaining unanswered, he secured a valuable confederate in Duke Roger of Apulia, whose ambition he satisfied by the gift of royalty; on Christmas Day, 1130, a cardinal-legate of Anacletus anointed at Palermo the first King of the Two Sicilies, a momentous event in the history of Italy. In the spring of 1133, the German King conducted Innocent, whom two great synods, Reims and Piacenza, had proclaimed the legitimate Pope, to Rome; but as he came accompanied by only 2,000 horse, the Antipope, safe within the walls of Castle St. Angelo, looked on undismayed. Unable to open the way to St. Peter's, Lothair and his queen Richenza, on 4 June, received the imperial crown in the Lateran. Upon the Emperor's departure Innocent was compelled to retire to Pisa, and for four years his rival remained in undisturbed possession of the Eternal City. In 1137 Lothair, having finally vanquished the insurgent Hohenstaufens, returned to Italy at the head of a formidable army; but since the main purpose of the expedition was to punish Roger, the conquest of Rome was entrusted to the missionary labours of St. Bernard. The Saint's eloquence was more effective than the imperial weapons. When Anacletus died, the preference of the Romans for Innocent was so pronounced that the Antipope, Victor IV, whom the party chose as his successor, soon came as a penitent to St. Bernard and by him was led to the feet of the Pope. Thus ended, after eight years of duration, a schism which threatened serious disaster to the Church.

Liber Pontif. ed. DUCHESNE, II, 379–383, also præf. xxxi, xxxvi; BARONIUS, *Ann. Eccl., ad ann.* 1130–38, *passim*; GREGOROVIUS, *Gesch. der Stadt Rom.* (Stuttgart, 1890), IV, 393 sqq.; VON REUMONT, *Geschichte d. Stadt Rom.*, (Berlin, 1867), II, 408–412; HEFELE, *Conciliengeschichte*, 2d ed., V, 406 sqq., 438, 439; VACANDARD, *St. Bernard et le Schisme d'Anaclet II en France*, in *Rev. des quest. hist.*, Jan., 1888, and his *Vie de St. Bernard* (Paris, 1897), I, 280 sqq.

JAMES F. LOUGHLIN.

*Claimants to the Chair of Peter whose legitimacy has been disputed by historians of the Catholic Church.

O.R.C.M. NEWS

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It was pouring rain, and old O'Reilly fell down, dying, in the gutter. A man rushed to help. "What can I do? Where do you live? What's your name?" cried the man.

"Seamus O'Reilly," replied the old man. "I'm dying. There's nothing you can do."

"Shall I fetch a priest?"

"No, no, get a rabbi."

"With a name like Seamus O'Reilly and an accent thick as Irish stew, you want me to fetch a rabbi instead of a priest?"

"Yes," groaned the old man, "I wouldn't bring the priest out on a night like this!"

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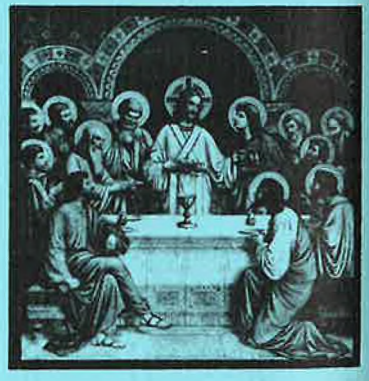

Above: My parents Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Jones (Vivian and Eddie) at their home in Delta, Colorado, with 3 of their grandchildren, Therese, Robert and Kent Davis. Below is my godfather Charles Piquette in his backyard in Westcliffe and a view of your editors' Westcliffe home.

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